

could have told you," answered the Rabthat the first snow would deprive you all companionship on the part of those ople. It was their custom before being ken into captivity to sleep steadily through Il the freezing weather. My people undertood it well, for then we had only the wild ts and the foxes and wolves to fear."

But how could they live so long without ng?" demanded Pwit-Pwit.

"non their fat," answered the "All the time the leaves rest until they were so fat walk. I remember we were tem then, they were so slow vas the same with the Racnight they would steal along e river, gorging themselves and young ducks, and someinto the fields for the juicy when the first snow came most too fat to walk.

ed the old gray Rabbit, "the ild crawl into the farthest ives, while the Raccoon Peoin furry rings at the ends and there they would sleep warm sun should gain these things know well, a- war- ays of Spring

ple are ever on the alert gaunt figures of the halfeople, awakened by their hunen prowl over the land."

I understand," chirped Pwit-Il, now that the Bear People and on People care no longer for the he Jungle, I shall have more time to spend with Mrs. Murphy and aippopotamus baby."

st then there came a bellow from the dition of Wapiti's yard. It is Wapiti, and he remembers," said the

tle Limping Boy, delightedly. "Come, t-Dwit, we must go,"

"If it is the old Deer you are about to visit," said the Rabbit, "I would warn you that his people are apt to be dangerous when the snow is on the ground. It is then that they suffer from hunger and are none too gentle with their sharp prongs."

But Pwit-Pwit said they had an understanding with Wapiti, and there was no 'anger. So, when the Little Limping Boy had assured the old gray Rabbit that he would return on the morrow and for three days to learn the secret of all the tongues spoken in

They found the Deer shaking his antlers and pawing the snow.

"Now I remember," said Wapiti. It was on just such a day as this in the great forest that my gentle, tender-eyed mate was taken from me. There were two flerce dogs that sprang at her throat. But this was not until the iron in the man's hand had spoken and my mate had fallen to her knees with the blood gushing from her mouth. Look, Pwit-Pwit, do you see that prong of my left antier, broken short off?"

"Yes, I see it," answered Pwit-Pwit.

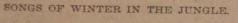
"Well, it was with that prong that I pinned one of the dogs to a tree, so that he never barked again. I left the prong sticking in

"Served him right," said Pwit-Pwit; "I can't bear dogs. They're nearly as bad as cats."

"But my poor mate was dead," continued Wapiti, "and while I was mourning over her body the men came and bound me fast with cords. That is why you find me here to-day."

And Wapiti resumed his pawing in the snow, while he chanted the Winter song of the Deer People.

And as the Little Limping Boy went on his way past the den of the Grizzly Bears he heard them, too, snoring a Winter song as



Wapiti. ground is white and the ai is cold, the Iron our warm blood spills! when our tracks show, fresh or old, when men and their dogs are bold-re of the Iron that kills!

The Drowsy Ones.

Grapes and berries and sweet young corn, A tender rabbit now and then. A chicken caught in the eary morn, The soundest snooze since we were born In the depths of our snug dark den!



